ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

To which is added,

The CORONATION ANTHEMS.

As Performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.



LONDON.

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

[Price One Shilling.]

ALEXANDERS PRAST.

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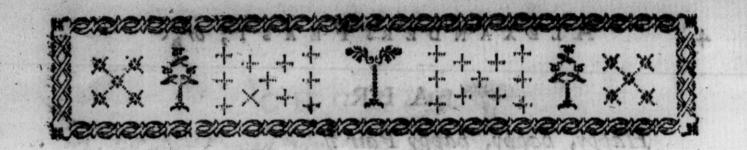
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ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE

Master Labor, bappy Pair

None but the Brawe deferges the Furt.

POWER OF MUSICK.

ACT the FIRST.

RECITATIVE BOOK Forth TATIVE

By Philip's warlike Son:
Aloft, in awful State,
The God-like Hero fate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Rofes and with Myrtles bound:
So shou'd Desert in Arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his Side
Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

AIR.

A 2

OHD

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy Pair I

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

RECITATIVE

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes afcend the Sky:
And heav'nly Joys inspire.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

The Song began from Jove,
Who left his blifsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he fought her snowy Breast:
Then, round her slender Waste he curl'd,
And stamp'd an Image of Himself, a Sov'reign of the World.

CHORUS.

The list ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity! they shout around.
A present Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

AIR.

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears;
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod:
And seems to shake the Spheres.

RECITATIVE.

The Praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet Musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
Flush'd with a purple Grace,
He shews his honest Face;
New give the Hautboys Breath; He comes! he comes!

AIR.

Bacchus, ever Fair, and Young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure:
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

CHO.

CHORUS,

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure:
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slain:
The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE accompany d

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft Pity to insuse.

Bacchus, ever Pair, and R. A. Drinking Joycela had the A. A.

He sung Darius Great and Good,

By too severe a Fate,

Fallen from his high Estate,

And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deserted

wetter and the state of the sta

Beferted at his utmost Need,
By those his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to close his Eyes.

RECETATIVE.

With downcast Looks the joyless Victor sate,
Revolving in his after'd Soul,
The various Turns of Chance below,
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius Great and Good, Fallen, welt'ring in his Blood; On the bare Earth expos'd he lies, Without a Friend to close his Eyes.

RECLIATIVE

The mighty Master smil'd to see

That Love was in the next Degree;

'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,

For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

RECITATIVE accompany di.

Softly sweet, in Lydian Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

AIR.

A I.R.

War, he fung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour, but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause; So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

AIR.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair,

Who caus'd his Care;

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length with Love and Wine at once opprest, The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast. The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And figh'd and look'd, figh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.

CHORUS, repeated.

The many rend the Skies with loud Applause; So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

The Princes applied with a furious Jan

And the King himself to the Charles of the Beat in all

Dehuld how this

And like another Fiches

End of the First Act.

And rouge bin, like a Futshing Post of Thunder

And rough him, like a mullor Pest of Phunder.

Break bis Easter of Skep afander

Has rais'd up his Head;
As awak'd from 63 Dead?
And arouz'd, he hates around.

ALA

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries, was a sor

Hosp they his in their Hairs at the last the

And the Sparkles that help from their Tourse.

he are then the land, then and could be be

ACT



ACT the SECOND.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

A louder yet—and yet a louder Strain;

Break his Bands of Sleep afunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his Bands of Sleep asunder, And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! — the horrid Sound Has rais'd up his Head, As awak'd from the Dead: And amaz'd, he stares around.

AIR.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise,
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they his in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that slash from their Eyes!

AIR.

A gradienton A I R. . TIOR S

Behold a ghastly Band, Each a Torch in his Hand! Those are Grecian Ghosts, that in Battle were slain, And unburied, remain Inglorious on the Plain.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Give the Vengeance due To the valiant Crew: Behold how they tofs their Torches on high, How they point to the Persian Abodes, And glitt'ring Temples of their hoftile Gods!

AIR.

The Princes applaud with a furious foy; And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.

Your Voices tune, and . Sel. An high,

Thais led the way, but the thort office went the To light him to his Prey; And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS WISHER STORY

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy; And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.

Thais led the way, To light him to his Prey; And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

RECI-

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And founding Lyre,
Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.

Your Voices tune, and raise them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted Sky
The blest Cecilia's Name;
Musick to Heav'n and Her we owe,
The greatest Blessing that's below;
Sound loudly then her Fame.

DUET.

Let's imitate her Notes above; And may this Evening ever prove Sacred to Harmony and Love.

LICOR CEPTAOIM OF PANOL TOTHE MS.

RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown;

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,

She drew an Angel down.

F I the Land befree thened, and thy right Hand be -

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown;

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,

She drew an Angel down.

The King shall rejoice in thy Strength, O Lord. Exceeding glad shall he be of thy Salvation. Glory and great Worthip hast thou said upon him. Thou hast prevented him with the Birshings of Grodness, and hast fet a Grown of pure Gold who his Head. Hellehold.

Kings Daughrers Comment in Verland Comment of the Word of the Comment of the Word of the Comment of the Comment

And the King thall have Pleature in thy Beauty. Kings and beauty that the Mings and Queens thy nursing Motors are the starting the there were the constant that the starting of the Market and Market are the starting of the starting and the starting are the starting are the starting and the starting are the starting and the starting are the start

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CORONATION ANTHEMS.

RECENATIVE.

Composed by Mr. HANDEL.

He rais a Moreal to the Shier,

Or both divide the Crown:

She decen an Americal clowers.

ET thy Hand be strengthened, and thy right Hand be exalted.

Let Justice and Judgment be the Preparation of thy Seat:
Let Mercy and Truth go before thy Face.

Hallelujah.

She drew an Angel do.IL.

The King shall rejoice in thy Strength, O Lord. Exceeding glad shall he be of thy Salvation. Glory and great Worship hast thou laid upon him. Thou hast prevented him with the Blessings of Goodness, and hast set a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head. Hallelujah.

III.

My Heart is inditing of a good Matter, I speak of the things which I have made unto the King.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women: Upon thy Right-hand did stand the Queen in Vesture of Gold.

And the King shall have Pleasure in thy Beauty. Kings shall be thy nursing Fathers, and Queens thy nursing Mothers.

IV.

Zadock the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon King.

And all the People rejoiced and faid, God fave the King, long live the King; may the King live for ever. Amen. Hallelujab.

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Madick the Prieft, and Werker the Prophet, enounced Swenner King.

Andrall the Poople rejoiced and fax we the King, long live the King; energy to King.

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